

Aria Montgomery

by thyharding

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Summary: Aria Montgomery attends a NY Progressive School where everyone has to outdo each other. When her young, handsome, misguided English teacher enters the picture and allows her to just be herself, Aria Montgomery is suddenly able to flourish. As their student-teacher bond becomes more intimate, she begins putting herself on the line in unexpected ways while pursuing what she wants.

1. Precious little snowflake

This is my first story ever published on Fanfic I actually posted a couple chapters already on wattpad but I wasn't really getting feedback and I really wanted feedback anyways feel free to comment any mistakes or how much you like it or how this story can be improved I don't really care even if you say you don't like it. Thank you enjoy !

When you have the highest IQ out of the whole school some people would take one look at me and think well she's going to do magnificent things in life, or she is going to go to a good college which were my father's words and I can't forget about my mother she says that I was born with a "gift", well actually two gifts, beauty and intelligence two things that are rare; something also very special. I don't think I'm someone special I like to think of myself as keeping things to myself. I don't like to brag about what I can do but I have been involved with a lot at my school I joined advanced art, dance, banjo the list really can go on. I ended up being very good at them, but all those classes weren't really for me I was very devoted to all of them I guess sometimes it's okay to lose interest and learn something else, I just haven't found the one class to stick with.

As I am running down the stairs of Rosewood high's Progressive school I ran into principle Hackett "Woah there slow your roll Mrs. Montgomery. Mr. Hackett is one of those chill I guess you could say

principles he's very nice except he knows that I haven't really been involved in my classes as I use to and I know he's been concerned about that since it's my junior year here.

Sorry Mr. Hackett I was just on my way to the restroom. I stumbled on the last step trying to enter the girl's bathroom when I met up with my only friends Spencer, Emily, Hanna and Alison.

"So what are you going to do about your classes Aria you have to pick something?" Alison said as she picked up her skirt and flushed the toilet.

"I'm not sure maybe I'll just make up my own class I'll name it indecisive elective." I smirked, but all I got back was silence and Alison walked out the bathroom door and so did the others. I stared into space and wiped the smirk of my face. As we all walked down the checkered floor of the hallway, Alison stopped and took out this pink vintage dress out of her bag.

"Checkout out what granny had in her closet its beautiful right, oh and don't worry Aria I picked something out for you."

"No need I'm going for my little Gothic look."

"Well you can't because that's Elisha's thing. She retorted. Though you would look good with some cheek piercing's no one else is doing that." Alison said as she pinched my two cheeks.

Elisha was this dark conflicted soul of a girl who wrote disturbing poems about death and sex. I never really had a conversation with her thought I know for a fact that she hates all of us including Emily who just broke up with her.

"Aria?"

I heard my name and turned around to see who called it, it was principle Hackett. "A word?" he said and disappeared back into his office. I nodded and said my goodbye's to all the girls they gave me a assuring smile. As I walked in, I seen my English teacher at a desk eating his lunch also but that was not my concern. What I was concerned about was why Mr. Hackett wanted to speak to me as I sat down on a yellow chair off to the side of the wall where different pictures of students that hung on the bulletin board. I lifted one leg to rest on the chair and my eyes caught back to my English teacher again.

"Do you want me to leave?" he said with food in his mouth I kept from smirking though and kept my cool.

"Mm no it's cool Ezra. Mr. Hackett said stealing a carrot out of Ezra's plastic container. So you were in, advanced art, dance, banjo the list can go on; you were completely devoted to each of these.

"Yeah I was." I nodded my head and laughed then I wasn't I shrugged my shoulders.

"Ezra you should hear this girl play banjo very talented."

"I know, I know I shrugged again."

"Come see me Monday with a plan, if you don't like the electives offered here you could pick anything out of the whole universe, but you better come up with something because it's freaking March! He whispered and walked out of the office.

"You broccoli." I heard Ezra say

"What?"

"You broccoli? Broccoli, rock you know the banjo. Never mind it was a stupid pun." he smirked.

I only smiled and shook my head and walked out of the office.

"Oh spirits lead me out of these moral thoughts and sex me here." Elisha said as she finished her poem in front of the class. Mr. Fitz just sat on the couches wowed as if well that was an odd and dark poem. Students clapped and Elisha sat back down on the opposite couch beside me.

"That was a quite bold interpretation Elisha."

"I can't believe I dated her." Emily whispered and laughed.

I only smirked as I look over to Alison I was lying beneath her with my converse propped up on her thighs. Ezra glanced over with his dark blue eyes the only way I know that was because I could see him from the corner of my eye hoping he would not call on me next to give my interpretation on the book we were reading.

"Aria Montgomery." he said and I bit my lip.

"Think you could top that?" I gasped mouth opened not sure what to say he rather caught me off guard.

"I cleared my throat, I have stripped throat."

"Aria really, please don't do that boring slacker thing with me."

"She's not a slacker okay she has a genius IQ FYI." Alison retorted

"Oh I'm sorry I forgot here at Rosewood everyone is a special snowflake." Mr. Fitz gazed over at each student and his gaze landed back to me.

"Please Aria be ready next time." he said seriously.

I nodded my head and glanced back down having the front of my hair block part of my face.

"Don't listen to him you're a genius Aria." Alison whispered which gained another glance from Mr. Fitz.

I only stared back at her without smiling. Why does everyone have to claim that I'm such a genius I don't even know what I want in my life. This angered me though like my friends don't understand that I have no clue on what I want to do with the rest of my life nor my

teachers, not even my parents; which path do I cross? What door do I choose and open. I'm sick of everyone treating me as a special little snowflake. I snatched my backpack below the couch and gave a unpleasant look towards and walked hurriedly towards the door. I remember him calling back my name I didn't dare turn around I kept walking until I made it outside the front of the school wondering where I should go and as I walked further down the sidewalk I ended up at Riley's park I took a seat on one of the swings and swung till time met the sunset. I thought about what I was going to do about having a plan I had to think of something over the weekend but what could I possibly stick with. I thought about piano but my little brother was already doing that it's his passion not mine. Maybe I could sing or not sing I don't like the attention. My mind was clouded with thoughts but soon vanished when I seen Mr. Fitz walk up to me with his satchel by his side and a book in his hands it always seems that he has a book in his hands.

"Are you okay?"

I didn't respond very quickly it really took some time to think; am I okay I just feel lost.

"Yeah I'm good Mr. Fitz." I said slowly going back to swinging.

"You're not okay Aria I can tell."

"Ha oh really you could tell? Well please elaborate because I have no idea how I feel."

I know I sounded very rude but he was rude to me when he claimed that I was some special little snowflake. I kept my eyes on the sky hearing no reply back. I could see how pink the sky is like cotton candy; wouldn't it be nice to float in the clouds floating and not having to worry about everyone bugging me about what I want to do with my life. I was broken out of my trance when took a seat on the swing right next to mine.

"What are you doing?"

"A grown man can't swing?" Mr. Fitz joked.

I really didn't want to laugh but I laughed.

"I'm sorry about earlier in class I think I caught on, on why you walked out I didn't mean to offend you."

"It's alright I guess I'm just tired of everyone thinking I'm such a genius just because I have the highest IQ out of the school."

Mr. Fitz went even higher on the swing.

"I think you should embrace it." He spoke louder.

"Embrace what?"

"Embrace being called a precious little snowflake they are all different in their own way you know that's what makes them beautiful."

"Wow Mr. Fitz I didn't know you were so poetic oh wait I forgot you're an English teacher."

"Indeed." He said and slowed down to get off the swing to I assume get back home, but before he walked away I couldn't help but ask this one question.

"Did you just call me beautiful?"

His very blue eyes popped out of his head that it looked like he had no idea what to say.

"I guess I did but I don't think that was right for me to say." He sighed.

"Why not?"

"Well I'm your teacher Aria I don't want you to think of me as sounding like a perv I was trying to explain that don't take being called a snowflake as a insult it's nothing close to a insult."

"So you're saying I'm not beautiful anymore?"

"What no Aria you're taking this out of proportion you are beautiful let's just not tell anyone I told you that, is that alright?"

"You don't have to worry I don't think anyone would believe me if I did. I smirked well have a good Friday Mr. Fitz."

"You too." He smiled back as he walked his separate way and I walked mine.

2. Acid but I'm not a slacker

****This is based on the film Molly Maxwell but I changed it up a lot but the story line is almost the same. All rights are to the movie I just decided to write fanfic about it with these characters. If you watch the movie you'll see the differences thank you please review.****

When I got home that Friday evening I quickly showered and got ready for this dance they held at Rosewoods progressive school. Of course, my friends came over and practically questioned me to the corner about why I just left the last class of the day specifically Mr. Fitz's English class. I lied and told them about just wanting to ditch the boring class although I don't think his class is boring. I think he's a very good teacher except maybe teach things from this modern time. Hanna was applying red lipstick to my lips while Spencer was changing the vinyl on my record player. Emily was looking in the mirror of herself loving how she looked in her dress and Alison was opening a package she handed us each a white looking substance I am assuming it was acid. I've never done acid before and I'm also assuming I will be tripping out in the next few hours. We each stuck it on our tongues to let it dissolve.

"Say eh." I snapped a couple of photos of them hoping to keep these photos memorable.

When we all got to the school all four of my friends dispersed into

the room joining their other friends. People were dancing crazy their bodies where moving to all sorts of places almost knocking over people but they were having a good time and I couldn't help taking a couple of pictures of everyone having a good time. I was searching for candid's the photos where people are smiling because they actually feel happy and the ones where no one is making themselves look perfect. I took another photo and I felt like everything was in slow motion, the lights slowly changing color, and the smoke machine making me feel dizzy. I blinked a couple of times trying to snap out of whatever was happening and then everyone started to speed up as they danced.

"Aria, are you okay?"

I practically jumped by the sudden voice behind me. I turned around to see Mr. Fitz concerned, and confused. I didn't reply back only standing there with my camera in my hands and trying to keep my footing. Mr. Fitz looked like the only person in the room like if everything else was blurry and irrelevant and the light only shining on him it felt like a dream. His hair was combed to the side and he was wearing a black button up that really brought out his baby blue eyes that were practically sparkling. For some reason in that moment, I forget how to speak.

"Hello, genius?" He said calmly.

"Tomorrow, Tomorrow creeps, petty days, till the last and all the time the fools fled all the way to dust then to death, out of life, like a walking shadow, upon the stage until it was heard no more, signifying nothing." I spoke very fast I didn't even know what I was saying or where that even came from.

"9.3 seconds, wow." Mr Fitz smiled.

My eyes felt like they were about to fall out of my face when I looked at him. I ran out of the school and laid down onto the first bench I saw; my head was facing the sky and my arms were crossed over my stomach. I heard footsteps walking towards me, but I didn't look up because I already knew who it was.

"Oh it's you again." I mumbled.

"So what are you on?"

It took a moment for me to reply.

"Acid but I'm not a slacker." I felt the bench wobble a little when he took a seat I stayed in the same position as before not minding at all of how calm he was about it.

"Kids still do acid?" He said nonchalantly.

"I sat up slowly not wanting my head to spin again. My hair was messed up, but I really didn't care. I also didn't dare face him I turned around making my face shielded from the embarrassment. Mr. Fitz still sat there awkwardly shuffling his feet and clasping his hands together as he leaned his back onto the bench.

"I kind of came here to be alone" so."

"I know rights now you might not feel normal again and you might feel like your eyes are deceiving you, but you'll feel better eventually."

I didn't say anything but keep my eyes focused on the gravel.

Thank God I told myself when I heard my dad's car honk and come up to the curb of the street. I got in and slammed the door shut. Mr. Fitz followed from behind and came to the passenger's side window.

"I'm Aria's English teacher." He said when he shook my dad's hand and took a step back.

"She's not in any trouble is she?" My dad joked.

That caught my attention as I looked up to him with pleading eyes.

"No uh, just a little too much punch."

I grinned and looked the other way wondering what made him lie for me was it because kids do stupid things that aren't rational or is it because he actually cares. As we drove off and I started to feel even more weird when the car moved I felt like I was flying and that sounds pretty intense to me I made the decision that I was never going to do acid again.

"Hey aren't the girls sleeping over tonight."

" Shit!"

When we arrived back home I ran into the house to see all three girls waiting for me in the living room. They already had on their pajamas. I went back upstairs to change and came back down they all questioned me as to why I ran out the gym doors. I spoke very carefully of my words to not spill about even having a conversation with Mr. Fitz so I didn't lie I told them that I was feeling dizzy and delusional from the acid which was the truth besides the whole getting caught part.

"Well you should have let us know about what happened what if someone caught you then we'd all be kicked out of the Progressive School thanks to you, now come on lets go to sleep." Alison retorted.

As for Spencer, Hanna, and Emily they all just gave me glances and went to sleep.

The next morning I woke up early before the girls they were all together on the floor with pillows scattered. I was just on the computer on google staring blankly at the zero words on search. I thought about the person I was going to search and if it was a good idea practically stalking my English teacher. I typed his first and last name and it lead to a page of his novel. Ezra Fitz wrote a novel? I couldn't help smirking and be shocked of what I discovered. I heard the girls soon wake up and quickly exited out of google to hide any evidence of what I was doing. We hanged out for another 2 hours and then they left. I began to think of Ezra Fitz and my plan to avoid being kicked out of the progressive school Monday morning. It has been on my mind all day and I feel like I'm stressing too much on something so temporary.

* * *

><p>[Beep, beep, beep]<p>

The weekend passed and the sound of my alarm went on, why do I even have one if I keep snoozing it, it's quite useless I never get up on time. I grabbed a comb on the top shelf which is really too high for my liking I keep telling my dad to fix that and all he says is "just get a chair" which annoys me even more. After finishing getting ready, I slip on my white stained converse and rush to get my backpack and head out the door. I usually walk but today I'm late and don't intend on getting caught in the rain. As soon as I open the front door to Rosewood's progressive school, I just had to walk in at the wrong time.

"Mr. Hackett, I was just on my way to your office."

"Mm yeah right, you know you're late." he said sternly.

"Yeah I know sorry about that."

"Okay well have you decided?"

"Yes I have, I will fully be dedicated to doing photography."

"Great have you found an adviser; oh I've got it Kelly can be it."

I remember my dad telling me about what happened to Kelly. She use to work at Rosewood until her damn husband cheated on her with his trainer, let's just say she was quite the "work out" when Kelly walked into their bedroom and found his trainer wearing her white silk robe. She was shocked and devastated; the next day she gathered her stuff, burned the disgusting robe, and burned her husband's favorite recliner in the middle of the street. All the neighbors came out and they called the police they said that she had gone mad waving a lighter around and screaming you sick bastard to her now ex-husband who sat at the curb with his hands on his face. Long story short, she was then sent to a psychiatrist then they sent her to therapy, which included taking photography to help her cope.

"I'm not trying to be rude but Kelly is no photographer Mr. Hackett I wouldn't want to take that away from her "therapy".

"You're probably right poor Kelly; well do you have anyone else in mind?"

"What about Mr. Fitz it seems that he has some time on his hands."

"I don't want to take him away from his teachings in the English department, but if you ask him and if he can't and you can't find anyone else that will then I'm afraid I'm going to have to send you to a public school."

"I understand I failed to get full credit in the class and I failed to fulfill your expectations, but you know me Hackett I have to stay in this school in order to get into a good college the one my parents have been preparing me to get in since birth. Just give me one more chance I won't let you down."

Mr. Hackett pondered for a moment he began to think of all the things Aria had been good at and did not doubt her ability to be great in photography. He was afraid that she would do the same thing she had done to all the all three electives, which was giving up on them.

"Okay I'll give you one more chance."

"Thank you."

"But-

"Ugh there is a but?"

"Yes there is a but; if you do give up on this too I will send you to a public school."

"Yeah, yeah I get it." Aria smiled

"Okay go on now get out you're missing out on first period." He chuckled

As I walked in late to first period Mr. Fitz's English class I took my seat next to Ali, Hanna, and Emily

"Thank you for making it on time Mrs. Montgomery Mr. Fitz spoke as he cleaned the chalk-board."

"I apologize for my tardiness I was speaking with Mr. Hackett." Aria rolled her eyes.

"Take out your novel's and turn to page 112 where we left off on Friday I expect you read those pages I assigned and if you didn't well you'll obviously be lost so not my problem. Also, heads up we will be having a test based on these chapters so be prepared it will be worth 50 points.

As Mr. Fitz started to get into a conversation about the book, Ali nudged me as I was listening intently to his words.

"What!" I whispered.

"Mr. Fitz is looking very sexy today in that button up." She smirked.

"Shut up."

"Oh, does Aria have a little crush on Mr. Fitz?"

"As if." I smirked

"Whatever you say. "

"Aria?"

I turned back towards Mr. Fitz

"Sorry what?"

"I asked if you could analyze the quote I said in the novel."

"Can you repeat the quote?"

Mr. Fitz shrugged. "The sound of Dick's voice was like an injection of some potent narcotic, a drug that, invading his veins, produced a delirium of colliding sensations: tension and relief, fury and affection" Can you give an explanation on why Perry compared Dick to a drug?

"Well um, Perry compared to him as a drug because he needed Dick. He always needed someone to take care of him and with Willie Jay and his father gone; he relied on Dick to fill this role. Dick needed Perry in order to commit the murder and wanted to stick together in order to keep their freedom. Knowing how Perry didn't have someone to look up to growing up he relied on Dick pretty heavily and so did Dick. Dick was like an aspirin also to him like he felt relieved at times and I think they stayed together as long as they did because they were afraid of getting caught without the other one there."

"Uh- um that's a really great explanation."

"I could not help but chuckle at the fact that he doubted me."

As the bell rang 20 minutes later, I packed my stuff into my backpack and was half out the door when Mr. Fitz called me back in.

"Ugh, what do you want now?"

Mr. Fitz smirked. "You have never answered any of my questions since the start of school and now suddenly you're the only one who has actually read the book in all my classes?"

"Haven't you heard I have the IQ of a genius and you've graded all of my tests? I thought you'd noticed I get a perfect score every time."

"Yes I've heard and yes I have noticed that, but you never do your homework until a week later why is that?"

"It's just a bunch of busy work that I really don't feel like doing. Okay why the sudden interrogation?"

"I'm just trying to figure you out."

"Well I don't recall ever asking you to figure me out there's nothing to be figured out. "

* * *

><p>After Aria stomped out of the room, I felt like I made a huge mistake showing that I'm curious in a student's personal life, but I couldn't help it. I had this tiny thought in my head that she was always hiding her abilities like if it were a burden to have a high IQ she was obviously offended when I commented about her being a special little snowflake. I suddenly felt terrible for doubting her. I didn't think she would even consider answering one of my questions and as I was becoming a teacher I was taught to never doubt students that's like a number one rule, students were to look upon teachers as to never judging them. Here I was though judging Aria as some genius

and special and important like all the other students at the progressive school. I've finally figured her out though. Aria didn't like being special or feeling special to others who always expected more from her she didn't like it and not exactly embracing it. Confusing as it sounds I understand her for some reason; you can be as talented and extraordinary as you want, but she knows it won't matter in the future. I'm beginning to think that, that is why she is having a complicated time when she was speaking to Mr. Hackett about picking a simple elective. She might think it won't change anything in the future but what do I know.<p>

I was furious with him who did he think he was figuring me out; there was nothing to be figured out like I said before he doubted me and for the first time someone doubted me. No one has ever doubted me they only expected things from me and I never seized to impress them but, he didn't expect me to answer a simple question. He didn't expect anything from me I thought and I didn't expect him to doubt me.

As school ended and I headed to the exit of the building I didn't bother looking for the girls to just hang out at Ali's house and smoke weed and talk about useless things. I just didn't want to be around anyone and once I made my way to the bus stop I ran to catch up to the bus that just closed the doors

"Hey, wait up."

The bus driver opened them back out and I thanked her while I looked for an open seat. All the seats were filled up on the left side and on the right side; I caught a glimpse of a curly haired man that sat with an open seat to his side. I hurried and took a seat before the bus driver pressed against the gas pedal and I lose my balance.

"Hello Mr. Fitz."

"Oh hello didn't see you there. He said and closed his book he was reading."

"Yeah didn't feel like walking home. My friends actually thought you rode a motorcycle not the bus."

"And did you think that also?"

"Nope"

"Why not am I not cool enough?"

"Not exactly you just don't seem the type."

"So I have type?"

"Well considering you're an English teacher who reads books on his free time, she pointed directly to his book in his hands you seem like the type to walk to work more or less than riding the bus."

"You seem like you've figured me all out."

"You seem like you want to figure me out."

"Ah- yeah about that I- I apologize I shouldn't have been so curious about you so we can forget that conversation even happened."

"Aria didn't reply back and stared straight forward avoiding his light blue eyes."

"Please forgive me Aria it was not my place to ask you about your personal life."

"How about this you do me a favor and I won't tell Principle Hackett."

"Are you blackmailing me? Ezra chuckled."

"Yeah."

"You're bluffing."

Aria and Mr. Fitz stared in each other's eyes before she blurted out.

"Fine, but please I'll only forgive you if you do me this tiny favor."

"And this favor is?"

"Well you see you know how I need to have another elective and Principle Hackett is very strict on that-"

"Yeah, yeah."

"Well I was wondering if you would help be my adviser for photography elective."

"Oh, right you were taking pictures at the dance right before you had that little meltdown."

"Yeah well will you be my adviser."

"Just curious but um why do I qualify as a photography teacher."

"Because I heard, you took a photography class in college."

"And I'm afraid to ask you how you even know that."

"I might have googled you."

"You googled me huh."

"Okay will you do it or not."

"Not with that attitude. He smirked."

"Okay will you please, please be my adviser and if you don't accept it, it will be your fault that I was kicked out of the progressive school and was sent to a well less educated student's public school that I won't fit in because of my extraordinary gifts. You wouldn't want to be the one at fault do you. Aria grasped his

arm."

"Ugh."

"Yes or no?" She pleaded.

"Okay I'll do it."

"I can do it you know."

"Let's just hope you don't drop out of it."

"I like how you doubt me."

"Why?"

"Oh, because you don't expect anything from me."

"No I do expect you to go by my rules when I teach you about photography."

Aria smirked and stood up

"Where are you going?"

"This is my stop."

"Oh right sorry."

"Yeah so I will see you at school."

"Yeah, yeah bye."

* * *

><p>It was dinnertime and my dad was helping my mom cook and Eliza was playing the violin as always I ate in silence and left to my room. My dad understands me the most and my mom sort of just goes against my dad's decisions. Like this one time when I was 5 my dad surprised me with a bunny and I was ecstatic I screamed with joy and when my mom came home from work she saw it and she froze then brought my dad into the kitchen and argued that none of us have time to take care of a bunny and the next day I find out that Mr. Nibbles was gone and it broke my little heart. Eventually I got over it, but now Dad just allows me to do whatever I want when mom isn't around except he doesn't know that I smoked weed and took acid but those are the only things I've done and learned from it and decided to never do them again.<p>

I fell into bed and got my homework out and did the usual things you do when you do homework stare at it and groan. I don't mind doing homework just I'm lazy half the time to do the work so I do all a weeks' worth of homework all in one night like tonight and turn it in the day it's due yeah procrastinating it all but hey it gets done. I do well on tests so that really brings my grades up and after I finish my homework I usually read, write, listen to music. My life is normal as any other teenager should be and just because I have the best, IQ doesn't mean I go to fancy parties because of my mother's work and brag about my talents. No one wants to hear that shit and frankly I don't like talking about myself. I think that no matter if

you have the highest grades or if you're known for being rich no one will care when someone else is more smarter than you and richer than you. You have met your challenge, forced to battle against these people to get a title or a spot in whatever it is that you're expected to take it's like I'm always on my toes I never get to choose my path to happiness and it sounds cliché but all I want is to be happy and right now I'm not. Maybe I'm just being selfish that I have these gifts and yet I don't care to put good use to them. Is it being childish about not being happy and thankful of what I have and what I have is the chance to go do amazing things it's just complicated the way I see it and I'm tired of it.

Morning comes in a flash just like this whole junior year, next year I'll be a senior, and the year after that I'll be at some private college in another state and I'll be unhappy. It's another horrible day it seems but thank god it's not raining in New York again. I like the rain just not on the days I feel horrible it makes it even more depressing. I walk to school or take the bus because I don't have my license yet also because my parents feel like I should wait on it. They also have jobs to go to and they don't have the time to drop me or my sister off so my sister takes the bus also. They agreed to let me walk to and from school so here I am on my way to school thinking about what my photography class with Mr. Fitz will be like. Why does he see me as some special little snowflake? I hope he stops seeing me as that because after I walked out of his class that one day I felt annoyed knowing that even teachers see me that way I mean who wouldn't. Why can't people see me as normal nothing special just a really smart teen.

I walked to Mr. Fitz's classroom and peaked by the corner he was standing there greeting his students with a stupid grin on his face I guess he enjoys everyone in his classes who never read his books he assigns or even participate in his conversations. All the students here are all-smart but gosh were too lazy to do the work. It's strange though he never gets really frustrated or complains to anyone about his students he just nags sometimes but he still teaches he's actually pretty much challenged every day hoping to at least teach something to someone and hoping they learn something throughout the year. I admire that about him and respect that he has the patience for teaching.

I sneak my way past Mr. Fitz hoping he doesn't see me heading to another classroom luckily he was too busy talking to a student that he didn't see me walk into the break room for students. There are no security guards or hall monitors so they don't really care what we do as long as we have the grades they never really have been strict with us ditching class which is pretty great strange. I love it here I feel free yet I also feel like I'm constantly lectured about you have to do this or that. I'd wouldn't want to be anywhere else. I was enrolled in public school and lasted a week in 1st grade until they knew I was capable of so much more so my teacher and principle decided that the best decision was to transfer me to a progressive school.

I head straight for the couch right in the middle of the room and lay down I stayed up all night doing that weeks' worth of homework that I fall asleep here giving no shit who finds me because I'm too exhausted to be in class.

I wake up to the sight of Mr. Fitz sitting on a chair besides me

nudging me to wake up.

"Ugh is this a nightmare?"

"No this is your English teacher waking you up to reality, what are you doing?"

"I was sleeping."

"Yeah no need to be sarcastic I mean what are you doing ditching your classes."

"Wait what! How long have I been asleep?"

"You slept through four periods."

"Shit I was only supposed to sleep through your period."

"Glad to know. Now get up. Mr. Fitz held a hand out to Aria."

"Ugh no let me sleep peacefully."

"Why are you so tired?"

"I was up all night doing a week's worth of homework, nothing challenging."

"Well you did ask me to be your photography adviser and if you want me to do it you need to show up to the class. I don't accept slacker."

"You're right I'm not a slacker."

We headed to this old storage closet that was filled with a bunch of junk and dust.

"What is this?"

"This is the dark room or what's left of it."

"Oh well I thought we'd do digital."

"Hey you have to do it by my rules and that includes doing the film work."

"Fine so this is going to be fun."

"This is taking up my free time actually."

"Well it's not like you have anything important to do- you can read on weekends okay." Aria grinned.

"Ha very funny I can just leave right now you know the doors right there." Ezra started to walk out of the storage room.

"No! Please I'm sorry I'll take this serious just... tell me what to do."

"Okay then you can start by cleaning this room up and also think about getting a film camera I have a couple so if you can't get one I

could lend you one just be very careful with it, it kind of means a lot to me."

"So tell me about it why were you interested in it?"

"Well it started when I was in my junior year of college I had open space to take another class and decided I'd try it out and fell in love with taking pictures of anything. My professor actually taught me that you should take pictures of the things you like, love, discover, moments you want to remember of course um yeah."

"So you still take pictures? Aria moved a couple of old papers from the desk and into the trash bin beside him."

"No not really."

"Why?"

"I guess I've just been too busy with teaching."

"What made you want to teach?"

"What's with all the questions?"

"Well if I'm going to be working with you I'd like to know you a little better."

"Alright well I thought teaching is a noble profession I'm good at it."

"Interesting and what else are you good at?"

"Ha well I can juggle, um play the piano, read a book in less than a week yeah nothing too fancy, but I heard you could play the banjo, excellent in advanced art, what else oh yeah and all of the electives that are provided here."

"Yeah it seems that I'm good at everything."

"Well try thinking of something you're not good at."

"I thought you were supposed to ask students what their good at not what they are bad at."

"Just think of something, you seem like you're tired of being good at everything." Ezra smirked

"You're right I am tired of being good at everything. I know!"

"What?"

"I can't cook."

"Well there you go something your good at being bad."

"Aria shrugged ugh but then I'm good at being bad at that."

"Yeah well, I guess there's no balance."

"Yeah I guess."

Aria and Mr. Fitz stood there awkwardly realizing how much they were honest with each other without even noticing the words that came out of their mouths. It was somewhat personal the words that came freely out they were comfortable and now they felt embarrassed as they spilled a few deep secrets they didn't tell anyone. Ezra was spilling his secrets out to a student, which is not professional.

"What the hell was that?" Aria shrieked.

"What was what?"

He was thinking that she was talking about their little moment of some of truth but instead she was talking about some crawling critter on the floor.

"That!" She pointed at the rat that came from under the dusty papers and moved out of the way towards Mr. Fitz's side which was a little too close to where their shoulders were side by side.

"Oh that yeah that shouldn't be in here, here let me just get a broom and I can-"

"Kill it?"

"Or put it outside of the building."

"Just get it out." Aria chuckled.

Ezra came back and Aria sat patiently on a stool waiting for him to return.

"All done." He said

"What if there's more like its family."

"Then I can reunite them outside."

"I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"You know taking up your free time I didn't think it would complicate things."

"Oh no don't worry about that I don't mind at all as long as you take it seriously."

"Alright promise I will."

"Good now hurry up and clean this up."

"Wait what I thought you were going to help me?"

"Nope, hey you wanted to do this so you have to clean it up not me. I'll be back in an hour have fun. He grinned and walked out the room."

Ugh, I thought this was going to be easy using a digital instead of

film where you just go to the store and someone else gets it printed out for you. I didn't have a chance to ask Mr. Fitz if he even liked teaching he just said it's a noble profession. I'm here stuck cleaning a bunch of junk and I'm afraid I'll find another rat under a table. I don't know what overcame me when I told Mr. Fitz about being tired of being great at things actually what surprised me most was that he already knew that. Is it that obvious or is he easily capable of reading me so easily, of course he could read me easily he reads on his free time now I'm not saying reading is a bad thing I only read at home because if I read in front of Ali she'd claim that I might as well hangout with the group at the progressive school who are neat and tidy who study together and do homework together they are nice people though, but despise Ali and all the girls. They kind of hate me too although I don't have anything against them I'm just as horrible as Ali sticking around as she calls them names which is really immature I really don't know how she's even still at this school. There's one guy who Ali said had a "crush" on me in that group he's cute but not my type. I'm not looking for anyone perfect or actually anyone at all but if I was this guy has to be funny and has to love a girl with an appetite, who can speak my mind and let me make decisions on my own, someone who I can be comfortable talking about anything with. Great now I sound all-gooey. I mean is it possible to find a someone out there who is connected to you and is the only one for you and no one else's as if you're both the chosen ones, the lucky ones and with my luck I doubt there is a someone for me I mean were all expected to find someone decent enough to live our entire life with to create a family with and end up dying.

* * *

><p>An hour later<p>

Mr. Fitz walks back into the storage room and I look exhausted.

"Alright the bell is going to ring in a bit so uh we can continue this tomorrow."

"Finally I think I swallowed so much dust I'll be coughing up a hair ball or something."

Mr. Fitz smiled and not only smiled it was one where his teeth sparkled and his eyes squinted. It was a rare smile I never saw while he taught, he gave me a look that every girl wanted a guy too look at them with. My face suddenly felt hot and I hoped to god that my cheeks weren't pink.

"Okay I'll see you tomorrow."

"And you will show up in my class."

"Yes."

"Do you promise?"

"I promise does that make you happy."

"Yes. He smiled again."

* * *

><p>"Mom, Dad? Are you home?"<p>

All I heard in the house was silence and that gave me the answer that they were obviously working late tonight not that I wasn't use to it but didn't care anymore.

I walked back out to the streets searching for the little galleria shop just a couple of blocks from our house. I remember when I was 10 my dad had an old film camera and I doubt now he would still have it, we would go anywhere i wanted and he told me I can take pictures of anything and now that I think of it the pictures never even gotten developed and the camera was sold at our yard sale.

I entered the camera shop and was amazed to find film cameras that were from the 60's,70's they were all so beautiful and fragile.

"I can ring that one up for you."

"Um well how much?"

"Oh three hundred, that only includes the lens."

"Alright and the film?"

"That is extra."

"Miss Montgomery?"

Aria turned around to find the blue-eyed Mr. Fitz in all his glory once again heading towards her.

"Mr. Fitz what a coincidence."

"Oh well I'm just here getting more film you know preparing for your magical moments of capturing something. He sighed

"Yeah I'm trying to find a decent camera; I think I'll just go with this one. It was an Olympus all black included with a lens."

"Aria you know I told you if you needed one I'd be happy to lend you one Plus this guy is a scamsometimes." He shook his head.

"You know I could afford it my parents are filthy rich yet they both nag about me not being grateful for what I have, anyways you don't have to worry."

"Look tomorrow morning I have a camera that you can borrow."

"Are you sure I mean I feel like your cameras are special to you I wouldn't want to brake it knowing how clumsy I am I'm just warning you."

"Yes I'm sure it's no problem really."

"Okay."

They both headed out of the little shop once Mr. Fitz purchased the film and Aria started to make her way down the sidewalk.

"Do you need a ride?"

"No it's alright I can walk."

"And how far is the walk?"

"About a block away."

"Aria it's New York there are "thugs" out here I can't seem to allow you to walk home at night."

"It's not like I'm going to end up in a ditch, how poorly do you think of me?"

"Aria that is not funny I mean I'm your teacher I should at least take you home your parents are probably wondering where you are."

"No um they're not even home, but um yeah you could take me home."

"Okay."

/

"Just make a left on this street."

"Aria your house was not a block away."

"Alright so it wasn't but I'm safely getting home right."

"Right."

"Oh it's that house on the corner."

"The big beige one?"

"Yeah that one."

"What do your parents do?"

"My mother is a lawyer and my dad is a professor. Look I get it that you probably see me as some wealthy girl who always gets what she wants but I'm not I'm normal like every other teenager so please just don't treat me differently." Aria gazed away from his eyes.

"What? Aria no I don't see you differently at all well in a good way I do but not like that actually I understand you."

"You do?"

" Yes believe it or not my parents are wealthy too and I uh I grew up also on the east upper side and went to a private school spoon-fed and all and did everything my parents wanted me to do until they disagreed that teaching wasn't a wise decision that it won't support me. I got tired of my parents not supporting me in what I want to do with my life and my mother said that I should've followed my father's steps into his company, I refused and I moved out got a job to pay the bills and pay for college since they disowned me. I worked my way

up to where I am today and you know what."

"What?"

"I'm happy." He smiled

"I'm not, my parents are hardly ever home and hardly pay attention to what I do yet they think they can waltz right into my life and tell me what I should and shouldn't do for school and it gives them no right arms wrapped around him and squeezed him tight and quickly let go. He saw her differently in a new light. She's not another pretty face in the room and there's more to her than her money and that she could be happy too if she begins to ignore the world and listen to herself for once follow her heart and hope to let go of the rope that keeps tugging her away from what she wants most.

"Thank you." She said.

"Well you know I'm a good listener whenever you feel the need to talk to someone, we've got something in common and you're not alone."

"Thanks for the ride."

"No problem."

End
file.